



# Chambers's Journal

## SIXTH SERIES.

### M O D E R N H O T E L S.



STORY is told of a brilliant idea struck out by an enterprising Frenchman named Baubier, who found himself the sole proprietor of a small shanty and a single blanket on the ground upon which the original Chicago had just struck its roots, and to which people were flocking in such numbers that shelter could not be got for love nor money. M. Baubier, with ready wit, determined to start an hotel. He charged three dollars a night for the privilege of camping down upon the floor of his shanty and the use of his blanket—money in advance. As soon as the first weary prospector gave evidence by his hearty snoring that he was safely asleep, the landlord gently drew off the blanket and took in another customer on the same terms. He afterwards boasted that the patrons of his hotel thus were able to get seven 'sleeps' out of that one blanket the first night.

That little incident would make an interesting and convenient starting-point for a history of the development of the modern hotel. One could hardly wish for anything more rudimentary; to trace the growth of that germinal idea up to its big houses of Saratoga or New York, or such establishments as the 'Hotel Cecil' in London and the 'Adelphi' in Liverpool, would be very striking. Somewhere probably about half-way up the scale would be the house of entertainment of which Dr Johnson was wont to speak so highly. 'There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern or inn,' said the dogmatic Doctor. What the great man's opinion would have been about the modern representative of his tavern or inn it would be extremely interesting to hear if he could revisit the glimpses of the moon.

There is at least as much difference between the best of taverns of Dr Johnson's day and the best of modern hotels as there was between M. Baubier's shanty and the Doctor's favourite resort. The modern first-class hotel has very little in

common with the homely snuggeries in which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were wont to find 'good accommodation for man and beast.' It is not a house; it is a vast palace of the most sumptuous and splendid character, with resources and appliances, organisation and services, almost as varied if not so extensive as those of a modern city, and presenting almost as many social grades.

One of the earliest of the modern Brobdingnagian hotels was set up on the Broadway of New York. It was doomed to ignominious failure; it never could be half-filled; it was impossible it could pay; there were not, and there never could be, travellers enough to keep it going; the foolhardy speculators would lose all their money. So the critics said. But the Americans took to the thing at once—in a great measure because of the extreme difficulty of getting and keeping and managing domestic servants; and many of them liked it so well that they went and lived in the hotel altogether. They found that they were relieved of all the troubles of housekeeping, were absolutely free to dispose of themselves and their time as they thought proper, knew exactly what their expenses were, and above all had no worries about servants. A good many on this side the Atlantic have regularly adopted hotel life; but the idea has not 'caught on' with us to the same extent, and we have not, therefore, so many big hotels. New York and some of the American watering-places still take the lead in point of size; but the latest of the London hotels have been rapidly overtaking them. One of the most recently established of them—the Hotel Cecil—is just now completing its original design, and when this completion has been effected it will not be far behind the largest in existence. In point of internal splendour and completeness of equipment it is already quite equal to the finest in the world.

These modern palaces are marvels of artificial life; and if one can only adopt Iago's suggestion—liberally interpreted—and put money in his purse,

he may live in one of them probably with less grit and friction in his wheels of life and fewer crumpled rose-leaves on his couch than under any other circumstances known to this troublesome world of ours. To know how wonderful an organisation a modern large hotel is, one needs, of course, to see much more than comes under his notice as a visitor. In some of the largest, indeed, to see the whole of it one would have to begin a good way off. The vast caravanserai just alluded to, for instance, situated in central London, has out in the suburbs its own model farm, where it raises its own poultry, runs its own dairy, and grows flowers and shrubs and other things for decorative purposes, to the value, it is said, of something like £8000 a year—flowers and greenery alone! These things come jogging in by wagon and cart into a sort of goods dépôt down in the basement of the vast pile towering up no less than twelve stories overhead. It is a strange, bewildering region of utilitarian ugliness—this nether world stretching away right and left from that stony roadway by which the vehicles come in; and one who has dropped down into it from the light and glittering splendour above will hardly fail to have Dante's Inferno suggested to his thoughts as he moves about the gloomy corridors, scales the bare, bleak, stone staircases, and passes from one to the other of the departments in which the Sybarites up in the realms above are being provided for. As one moves about the intricate labyrinth of kitchens and pantries, stores and engine-rooms, workshops and bakeries, he catches glimpses of a sort of under-world counterpart of the Elysium above—plainly furnished but comfortable sitting-rooms and dining-rooms and smoking-rooms, in which—not all together, for social status in this under-world is quite as real, if not as varied, as in the realms above—the various ranks of the staff are resting and getting a little social intercourse, or taking their meals at large and seemingly well-spread tables. Luncheon is over with the hotel visitors, the great building is comparatively deserted, and for two or three brief hours the rush and hurry of business has died down and there is a breathing space for all—cooks and waiters and messengers, café attendants, interpreters, and so on. There seems to be quite a large secondary hotel down here, for in one capacity or another there are said to be between six and seven hundred people employed about the establishment, and, as large numbers of them have to get their meals on the premises, and a good many live here altogether, the catering for the staff and the management of the house arrangements for them constitute no inconsiderable part of the business of any large hotel.

The kitchen is, of course, the largest department of the service. The *chef* is a most important personage, and in the largest hotels he may have a hundred men under his command, and he will have such appliances as Dr Johnson

and the worthy and witty people who dined with him at the 'Mitre' or the 'Cheshire Cheese' could never have dreamed of. Indeed, the whole of the lower regions of a large modern hotel—and the upper regions even more—would give the estimable Doctor many an uncomfortable twinge of a sense of the uncanny and perhaps some suspicion of witchcraft. A door is thrown open, and the touching of an electric switch sets in motion revolving refrigerators for making ice-cream. Another door, heavily barred, is thrown back, and one steps into a chamber hung round with joints of meat, and in which is a range of iron pipes all aglitter with hoar-frost and icicles at midsummer. There is a similar cold store for fish and another for poultry, and there is an ice-well in which the electric light brilliantly illuminates tons of artificially produced ice. A little farther on is some very fine machinery, flashing with miniature lightning and generating electricity for various machines and for the electric-lighting of the whole huge pile. Then comes a wet and steaming range of subterranean apartments in which the finest of modern machines are doing the washing for the whole establishment. Table-cloths and serviettes, bed-linen and personal clothing, anything and everything requiring washing may be dealt with here—washed, wrung, dried, starched, ironed, or mangled—at the rate of perhaps three or four thousand articles a day. Although all the main processes are performed by machinery, there may be five-and-twenty or thirty people employed in this laundry. Here is a fine bakery, with all the newest appliances for making all the bread required by the hotel; a pastry-cook's department in which all the cakes and tarts and other nick-nacks are made; and there is a separate confectioner's department seeming to be chiefly employed in making sugary embellishments of the most marvellous variety for the dinner-tables in the sumptuous halls above. One long room is all ablaze with the glitter of plate, and thirty men are regularly employed for fourteen hours a day in keeping it bright. Knife-cleaning is done by rotary machines, but boot-cleaning is still a matter of hand-labour, though boot-cleaning machines have been introduced, and probably in some hotels are used. Some of the most extensive, however, still do the work by hand-labour. There may be for a large hotel twenty of these men who go on duty at twelve o'clock at night, and polish away steadily all the night through. A big hotel also does its own printing, and it has its carpenters' and upholsterers' shop, and must necessarily always have on its premises a brigade of perhaps a dozen or fifteen firemen.

And now from the under-world of labour let us betake ourselves to the modern substitute for the magician's flying carpet—the hydraulic lift, that is to say. In the largest of the London

hotels there are sixteen of these flying boxes that go with their brilliant electric light flashing up and down from roof to cellar and from cellar to roof with a celerity that would fairly have astounded the company at the 'Cheshire Cheese.' When Johnson and his friends assembled there, no such hydraulic power was known, and, in the best of taverns, people—if they were sober—went up to bed by the good old-fashioned process of walking upstairs, and if they were not sober enough to walk they had to be carried. One hardly knows whether the stiff-necked Doctor would have taken kindly to the innovation, or whether on being invited to step into the lift he would have stubbornly gibbed. 'Sir,' we can imagine him blurting out, 'it's a mere pandering to laziness and a tempting of Providence. I'll go upstairs.'

Every luxury that money can buy or science invent or art produce may be found in a great modern hotel—marble staircases, handsomely furnished corridors, magnificent saloons and halls, smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms, bath and reading rooms, libraries and private studies and drawing-rooms, and great concert and entertainment halls. Nearly every room has its telephone; there is a telegraph office and a post office, and the leading agencies pour in their piping-hot news from all the ends of the earth, just as

they do into the newspaper offices and the leading clubs all over the kingdom. A touch of a button will summon an attendant who will take orders for an opera-box or a carriage-and-pair, for the daintiest foods or the choicest wines. It is a fairy scene of luxury and wealth, of light and glitter and colour, of palms and flowers, of mirrors and pictures and statuary; and as one passes out from the splendid vestibule he finds a large gathering of men and women of various nationalities lounging in cushioned chairs around little tables in the open air, quietly chatting, watching arrivals and departures, smoking cigarettes and cigars and sipping tea and coffee, and listening to the delicious strains of the hotel band. Wealth and art and taste and science, and the highest powers of organisation, have all combined here to afford the most luxurious and indulgent conditions of existence; and yet, as one looks round upon the faces of the guests, one feels that four out of five of them would, if they were questioned, and answered quite frankly, agree that after all 'there is no place like home.' The writer of this article has at different times stayed in many of the best hotels of the kingdom; but he has always been delighted to get home, and he has never altogether overcome some feeling of compassion for the poor rich people who always live in hotels.

## THE SHIP-BREAKERS.

### A FENLAND ROMANCE.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—CAPTAIN TUDWAY'S MONEY.

**W**HEN another morning dawned with a red flush upon the waves there was still no abatement of the gale. Appalling ravages, occasioned by this almost unprecedented storm, were already being reported. Everywhere wreckage could be seen upon the shores cast up by a mighty wind and tide. A fishing-smack had been lost off Scarborough; a steamship had gone down off Flamborough Head, with all hands; a sloop, while endeavouring to enter Grimsby harbour, had struck the pier with a terrific crash and had almost instantly sunk. Such was the disastrous news from every point. The catastrophes were innumerable and heart-rending. In more than one seaport town, and far inland, great damage had been done. Houses had been striped, their gable-ends blown in, and the streets strewn with débris. The wreck of the *Seagull*, a schooner that had drifted on to the flats off Saltfleet, was talked about for miles round.

This red dawn, looking in at John's garret window, found him lying upon a chair-bed with a thick rug wrapped about him. He was fast

asleep. But as the daylight increased, and the wind roared in the warehouse roof overhead, he began to stir. Suddenly he started and awoke. He stared about him with an air of bewilderment until his eyes rested upon his bed, which stood beside the chair-bed. He raised himself on his elbow and bent forward. Some one was lying there—some one with bruised limbs and lacerated face—who met his look with a look of gratitude.

'Jarvis—my good friend!—'

'Keep quiet, Tudway,' John interposed. 'You mustn't talk, you know. Those were the doctor's orders, and—'

'One word. Were none of 'em rescued after all?'

'None. You're the only one saved.'

'And if it hadn't been for you, my friend!—'

'Tut!'

'If it hadn't been for you,' Tudway persisted, 'I should have been drowned too.'

Yes; Jarvis had saved his life. He had saved the life of the man whom Hettie loved. More than that; for in the look that Hettie had given him when he had expressed his resolve to go to the assistance of the wrecked crew, Jarvis had

discovered her love for Tudway was deeper than she had herself realised until then. It had been fully awakened. And now words of gratitude had come from Tudway. It was hard enough to bear from Hettie. He did not need their gratitude. He had simply done his duty: he had saved a life, and by so doing he had given Hettie all the happiness in his power; and the mere thought of this, though he despaired for his own happiness, was in itself a reward.

Before night there came a lull in the storm; and on the following morning at daybreak, like a dying giant, it had given vent to a final groan and was dead.

That evening Tudway, though severely buffeted from head to foot while escaping from the wreck, was sufficiently recovered to hobble downstairs. With the aid of a thick stick and John's stout arm he contrived to join Hettie and Ruth at their fireside.

'Won't you tell us now,' said Ruth, turning to Tudway, 'how the *Seagull* got aground? We have been longing to hear your account of the storm; haven't we, Hettie?'

'Indeed we have,' was Hettie's reply.

'Well,' Tudway commenced, 'it's not a long yarn. We were within a short distance of Newcastle, not long after midnight, when the wind freshened. The gale struck us suddenly and took away all our sails except the mizzen. We began to drift—drifted back on to this coast, where we cast our anchor. Our other anchor had got entangled in the steering gear, and we couldn't get it to go. Then we started showing signals of distress. All through the night we kept a fire going on deck. We drifted for three or four hours before we struck in the sand. When we struck we all took to the rigging. We had no boats—they had both been smashed; the sea broke them up and washed them away. Then the mast went, and threw us all into the water. I started to swim ashore. The others swam towards the wreckage. Jarvis can tell you the rest.'

He held out his hand to John: so did Hettie; but Ruth kept shyly in the background. If Jarvis had glanced up at that moment, and had seen the look on Ruth's face, he would have learned her woman's secret. The girl's eyes brimmed over with tears. If she had ventured to express a word of gratitude by word or action, her love would have assuredly been betrayed.

Some days went by. One afternoon, finding himself alone with Hettie in the little parlour, Tudway broached the subject that had been uppermost in his mind since the night upon which he had been saved from the wreck.

'Hettie,' said he as he lay upon the sofa smoking a cigarette in a luxurious, invalided fashion, 'you've not forgotten our last talk in Uncle Tudway's cabin?'

'It was an eventful day,' said Hettie thoughtfully. 'It was a day of disasters. Ruth and I have been in trouble ever since.'

'I know it, Hettie. My good friend Jarvis,' said Tudway, 'has told me everything. We will speak of that presently. Tell me, Hettie, first of all, do you remember your promise?'

'My promise, Ted?'

'Yes, dear; the promise you gave as we sat together,' said he. 'I was to have the answer when I came back. Hettie, the night upon which I swam ashore, cut with ropes and numbed with the cold, your name was on my lips. The thought of you encouraged me to fight for dear life. I determined to come back to you in spite of the storm. Don't tell me you are still in doubt. You will be my wife now, dear; won't you?'

He had thrown away his cigarette, and as he spoke he held out his hand.

'I'm in doubt no longer,' said she. 'I love you.'

Tudway drew her eagerly towards him. Then she went on: 'But you don't know, Ted,' said she confidently, with an earnest uplifted face, 'what serious doubts I have had about my love. But the moment that Ruth told me of the rumour that was spreading—the rumour that the *Seagull* was in distress off Saltfleet—I knew that I loved you. It's strange, isn't it? Ruth was quick to read my thoughts. She gave one look into my face. I feared you were in danger: I realised then, and only then, what your love was to me.'

They were silent for a while. Then Tudway lit another cigarette, and said: 'Hettie, I do believe Uncle Tudway's dream is coming true.'

'What dream?'

'The dream of his life,' said Tudway; 'the dream that he told me he has had a thousand times while aboard the *Nancy*. Do you remember my telling you, as we sat in his cabin, how I had often seen him smoking his pipe there when the *Nancy* came into port? That's when the dream mostly took a hold upon him—as he owned to me when I saw him last—the dream of seeing me a married man, and—'

'You'll marry a penniless girl, Ted,' Hettie interposed, 'if you marry me. But I warned you; didn't I?'

'Stop! Wait till you know all,' said Tudway.

He then related how the great desire of his uncle's life had always been, though he had spoken of it to no one, that Hettie should marry his nephew, and that this nephew should become a partner in Beek & Son's house; that he was, moreover, willing and wealthy enough to purchase a share in the timber business.

'Too late,' said Hettie.

'Too late? Now, Hettie,' said Tudway, 'listen to me. You're a woman of business, and you're not in the least likely to misunderstand. I've had a talk with Jarvis. He has told me all about Burtenshaw's threat.'

'What threat? He has told me nothing.'

'The threat to foreclose the day after to-morrow unless'—

'What?'

'Now, Hettie, the three thousand pounds must be found at once,' Tudway resumed. 'Captain Tudway is the man to apply to; and before Burtenshaw has had time to turn round, my dear, we shall have sailed out of his reach.'

Hettie looked brightened at the prospect.

'If it were possible,' said she. Then she added: 'But you won't be well enough to travel for days to come.'

'I've thought of that. The man to talk this matter over with my uncle—the man to put the whole business lucidly before him—is Jarvis. And what's more, Hettie, our friend John has agreed to go to London, if you've no objection, by the first train to-morrow morning.'

Jarvis had been left no choice. He had approved of Tudway's suggestion unhesitatingly. The chance of winning Hettie was gone; but the chance of befriending her and of saving the fortunes of Beek & Son was still held out. For her sake he was still willing to serve the firm. The impetus that had impelled him—the forlorn hope of capturing Hettie Beek—was no longer a computed force in his determined course of action. He had mounted to the highest rungs of the ladder, but the prize had slipped from his grasp. He valued his position only so far as it was useful to Hettie. If he had consulted his own inclination at this moment, as a weak and selfish nature would unquestionably have done, Jarvis never would have undertaken to go on this errand. He would have abandoned Hettie—abandoned her to others when she needed him most. John Jarvis had been almost prepared, in his desperate love for Hettie, to sell his very soul to Lawyer Burtenshaw. He was now eager to throw over the lawyer, and negotiate with Captain Tudway for a partnership in Beek & Son—a partnership for the man who had unwittingly supplanted him in the girl's affections.

Jarvis was hourly expected at Nelson Square. Captain Tudway's nephew had prepared the way with an eulogistic letter which instantly secured for Beek's manager the heartiest welcome. On the afternoon of John's visit Captain Tudway forgot all about his nap.

'Come in, John—come in,' sang out the old captain in a jovial voice when Jarvis knocked at the door of his snug cabin on the second floor. 'You're the lad for me! What cheer?' He had known John for years. He grasped his hand in both his own; and the muscular force with which he did it—as Jarvis afterwards remarked—completely upset the captain's favourite theory that he was 'breaking up.'

'Saved Ed'ard's life, did ye? Why, bless my eyes!' said Uncle Tudway as soon as Jarvis had taken a seat beside the hearth, 'let's drink his

health. Saved Ed'ard's life. Ay, ay! Thank ye, my lad. Thank yer, kindly.'

There were glasses on the table all ready at hand; the brass kettle was singing cheerily on the hob; the grog was speedily mixed; and then the toast was drunk with great fervour—at least on the part of the captain. If Jarvis showed less enthusiasm than Uncle Tudway, that was surely excusable.

It would have been impossible to find a better delegate than Jarvis. By saving young Tudway's life he had done most to help the captain to realise his dream. Uncle Tudway fully conceived the situation—knew, indeed, that Jarvis loved Hettie, and appreciated his heroism all the more.

'Now for the yarn,' the captain insisted, putting down his empty glass. 'We'll go into 'other business presently. First and foremost, John, let's hear how you came to save my nevvy's life.'

Captain Tudway had received every detail about the wreck in a letter from his nephew. He had read an account of the inquest upon those of the poor fellows belonging to the *Seagull* who had been washed ashore at Saltfleet; but he listened to all that Jarvis recounted concerning the catastrophe with as much interest as if it were new to him from first to last. 'Now, John,' said he when Jarvis had brought his 'yarn' to a conclusion, 'I'll tell you what I'm prepared to do. Is that your bag?'

The captain pointed to a brown leathern bag with J. J. upon it, on the floor at John's side.

'Yes, that's mine.'

Captain Tudway rose from his chair and limped across to his sea-chest. This chest he unlocked and brought out three packets. 'One thousand—two thousand—three thousand,' said he, as he cast them one after the other upon the table, and rang out of them a loud musical clink of gold; 'three thousand pounds. Isn't that the sum you need??'

'Yes. But'—

'Stop a bit,' Captain Tudway interposed, with one of his knowing winks. 'Pay the old pirate in hard cash to-morrow morning and be quit of him. Do you understand??'

Jarvis nodded and dropped the packets into his bag.

'Now mark my words,' the captain went on. 'I refuse to enter into any further negotiations with a view to buying a share in this ship-breaking business while Gabriel Beek is connected with the concern. He has nearly sunk the craft as it is; he's a danger to every one aboard; and we must be rid of him straightway.'

Jarvis readily acquiesced.

'We must buy him out,' said Captain Tudway, 'if needs be; and then we'll launch the house of Tudway & Jarvis, ship-breakers at Cablethorpe,

as soon as you please. Does that sound like business?

John declared that it sounded very like business; and presently, having drunk one glass more, he took his leave.

Uncle Tudway was in a jovial mood to-night. All his doubts were gone. He had hoarded up his money wisely after all. The captain plunged his hands into the capacious pockets of his peacoat, and drew forth his pipe, his negrohead tobacco, and his box of matches; and then he brewed himself a stiff glass of hot grog. He smilingly contemplated the insinuating mixture through a cloud of smoke. The thought that he had already parted with some of his gold in an appropriate manner pleased him mightily; any dread that he had had of becoming a miser was dismissed from his mind, and he began to regard the 'dream of his life' as something as good as realised.

When Jarvis reached Willoughby Junction on his way home it was ten o'clock. The local train to Cablethorpe was due at the Junction at ten-thirty. Fatigued with his long journey—he had risen before daybreak that morning—he pondered

drowsily over the situation. It never occurred to him, nor would it have occurred to him in his most wakeful moments, that he was anything of a hero. And yet he had not only saved young Tudway's life, he had sacrificed his own happiness without a murmur; he had given up all thoughts of Hettie Beek; and he had now taken the first step towards the reconstruction of the house at a time when—had he followed his own inclination—to have turned his back upon Cablethorpe would have pleased him best.)

Still, while brooding over the irony of his own fate, one reflection brought an exultant smile to John's face. Gabriel Beek, the man who had opposed him since boyhood, would no longer stand in his way. The thought that he might return, and assert his legitimate right to take the helm, had filled Jarvis with dread. Captain Tudway's ultimatum had removed that dread at last.

At this moment, however, Jarvis happened to look up. By the light of a bright lamp in the station he saw a threatening face at the waiting-room window. It was the face of Gabriel Beek.

(To be continued.)

### THE OXFORD OF SCOTLAND.

**T**HE 'Gray City by the Northern Sea' has no doubt changed somewhat since Henry Cockburn, with his almost unrivalled power of graphically describing what came under his own eye, photographed it more than half-a-century ago in his *Journal*: 'It is the asylum of repose—a city of refuge for those who can't live in the country, but wish for as little town as possible. All is in unison with the ruins, the still surviving edifices, the academical institutions, and the past history of the place. On the whole it is the best Pompeii in Scotland. If the professors and the youths be not learned and studious it is their own fault. They have everything to excite ambition—books, tranquillity, and old inspiration. If anything more were needed, they have it in their extensive links, their singular rocks, their miles of the most admirable dry sand. There cannot be better sea-walks. The prospects are not very good, except, perhaps, on such a day as I had—a day of absolute calmness and brightness; when every distant object glitters, and the horizon of the ocean in its landless quarter trembles in light, and white sea-birds stand on one leg on the warm rocks, and the water drags itself out in long unbroken waves as if it was playing with the beautiful bays. But, though tranquillity is deeply impressed on the whole place, the inhabitants are not solitary. On the contrary, among themselves they are very social. Except those

who choose to study, they are all idle; and having all a competency, they are exactly the sort of people who can be gregarious without remorse, and are allured into parties by the necessity of keeping awake. They have a local pleasure of their own which is as much the staple of St Andrews as old colleges and churches. This is golfing, which is there not a mere pastime, but a business and a passion, and has for ages been so. This pursuit draws many a middle-aged gentleman, whose stomach requires exercise and his purse cheap pleasure, to reside there with his family. It is the established recreation of all the learning and all the dignity of the town.'

No doubt St Andrews has in certain social and other respects been considerably altered since Cockburn wrote. It has, in particular, become an important watering-place, frequented during the months of July, August, and September by visitors from all parts of England as well as of Scotland. It may still be 'an asylum of repose' during the winter and early spring; but the monster hotels that have sprung up have taken away its character as a Pompeii, while, as for the staple industry, it was well said by a humorous writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* more than twenty years ago: 'Of the visitors who frequent it, some come with the avowed intention of doing nothing but play golf, while others basely represent to their wives and families that they come for the sake of bracing air and sea-bathing.'

Golf, being played steadily all the year round.

by the St Andrews residents—who are never quite happy except when the visitors are away—is still in a sense the staple industry of the place. But its supremacy as such has been threatened during late years by education. Of course ‘the college of the scarlet gown’ has always had its attraction for a limited number of students. Even in its darkest hour, when, owing to such agricultural depression as has now rendered imperative an appeal to the English public on behalf of Cambridge, the incomes of certain of its professors fell below that of a second-class teacher in a Board school, the number of students never was less than one hundred and fifty. Then a local benefactor of the name of Bell gave St Andrews, as he gave other towns in Fifeshire, a secondary school styled, from his connection with India, the Madras College, and which has always been well attended. Finally, the salubrity of the St Andrews climate, along with its other charms, has led to the establishment of an unprecedentedly large number of private schools for both boys and girls. The institutions for boys have secured a high reputation in the very different fields of scholarship and athletics, while it will never be forgotten of one of the schools for girls, St Leonard’s College, that a pupil, Miss Ramsay, now Mrs Butler and wife of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, carried off the blue ribbon of classical scholarship in that university.

There can be no question that all St Andrews requires to become an almost ideal educational city or capital is the completion or perfection of its university, the rendering of it the central and supporting arch of the whole.

That a very great deal has been done in this direction, whoever takes the trouble to compare the present condition of the university—which, as the chance-visitor sees, combines modern comfort with mediæval charm—with the descriptions given of it three-quarters of a century or even fifty years ago will at once allow. One of Scotland’s almost innumerable University Commissions investigated St Andrews in 1827. It found St Mary’s College—which now suggests Oxford more readily than anything else in Scotland, ‘wretched and dilapidated.’ Even the newer buildings were in such a state that one of the professors ‘was ashamed when people came to see the colleges.’ And that charming essayist, the late Sir John Skelton, so much better known as Shirley, has testified that when Dr Robert Lee, the well-known minister of Greyfriars in Edinburgh, professor and ecclesiastical ‘innovator,’ studied in St Andrews, about 1821, he found it a dark, sombre, ruinous, ill-lighted, badly-paved, old-fashioned, old-mannered, secluded place in which ‘old-fashioned professors and old-fashioned ladies looked after keen-eyed, threadbare students, who, in red and ragged gowns, like the early Edinburgh Reviewers, cultivated the Muses on a little oatmeal!’ One has but to look upon that picture and on this, to contrast—as even the casual visitor can easily do—the St

Andrews of Dr Lee’s day with the St Andrews of the present time, to see what a change has come over the old university, in spite of great difficulties, the complete story of which has yet to be told.

Writing four years ago, with a full knowledge not only of his first college but of Oxford, Mr Andrew Lang thus describes the changes that have taken place in what he loves, not less than Mr Matthew Arnold loved, as ‘mine own St Andrews’: ‘The old college buildings have been removed, except that tall block which contains Dr Chalmers’s classroom and the little museum with Kennedy’s maces and the silver arrows, with the medals of Argyle and Montrose. The new buildings are adequate and airy; they contain no rooms for students, who live in the town. The old house next the college, with the saint in a niche of the tower, is the Union; it answers the purposes of the Union at Oxford and Cambridge. There is dinner in hall daily, a thing not usual in Scotch universities. The numbers of the students are as high as they ever have been, except perhaps in the years of Dr Chalmers’s attractions. The university has received a considerable bequest from an Australian benefactor; additional chairs have been founded, and there is a kind of unholy alliance or amalgamation with Dundee College.’ In these last words Mr Lang makes a playful allusion to a dispute—in many respects unfortunate—which has led to much heart-burning and even to a good deal of litigation, and which has been occasioned by attempts to unite a college which was founded about a quarter of a century ago in Dundee by an enlightened and wealthy lady—Miss Baxter—with the old university. It does not fall within the scope of the present article to make any comment upon the merits or demerits of this quarrel, which threatened at one time to destroy the usefulness of St Andrews. Happily, however, there is now a prospect of its being brought to an amicable close, and of the two colleges being united after a fashion which will make the reorganised university one of the best-equipped institutions of the kind in the country.

As things are, and in spite of disputes, St Andrews has, owing partly to the generosity of parliament and partly to the gratitude of wealthy sons like Mr Berry, the Australian benefactor alluded to by Mr Lang, who left his *alma mater* no less a sum than £100,000, recently taken a new lease of life. The incomes of the professors have been so very greatly increased during the past twenty years, partly by such benefactions as that of Mr Berry, and partly by parliamentary grant and other direct or indirect State subvention, that the occupant of a St Andrews chair has now almost no inducement to leave it. In none of the other universities are students so well off for special endowment as are the undergraduates of St Andrews; each of them enjoys—or can enjoy if he chooses—a bursary that is never lower than £10, and may even rise to £30, a year. St Andrews

also promises to become the favourite university for girls in Scotland. Even if it should not become in all respects the Scottish Oxford, it is already recognised as the Scottish Girton. The salubrity of the town, its natural beauty, and its quaint historical charm have attracted to it female students from all parts of the country ever since the Scottish Universities Act of 1889 threw open the national colleges to women, and still more since a hall of residence was built for their accommodation. Such, indeed, has been the rush of girls to St Andrews during the past nine years that it alone of the Scottish universities shows an increase of matriculations, the institution of a 'stiff' preliminary examination having very considerably reduced the number of the entrants at Aberdeen, Glasgow, and above all Edinburgh. Leaving Dundee College out of consideration, the students' roll for last winter session was 236—a larger attendance than has ever been attained within living memory. One of the leading academic tendencies of the time—a tendency of which not a little is certain to be heard in the future—is towards the encouragement of what is known as

'post-graduate research,' or studies pursued by men who have completed their university careers and taken the degree of Master of Arts, but desire to greatly amplify their knowledge of subjects that have a special fascination for them. No doubt an 'endowment of research' in this sense is required by all the Scottish universities—an endowment which will take the form of Scholarships and Fellowships of much greater value than the few prizes of the kind at present in existence. The Scholars or Fellows of the future, however, will probably find St Andrews, with its quietude, its historical memories, and its links, still presided over by the veteran Tom Morris, and still inviting to healthy but not too violent exercise, more congenial to them than busy cities like Edinburgh and Glasgow. In a quarter of a century St Andrews will celebrate the quincentenary of its existence. If by that time it can boast of 350 or 400 students in all, male and female, engaged in undergraduate study or post-graduate research, it will have fulfilled its mission, and realised the dream of its founders, by becoming in truth, and not merely in name, the Oxford of Scotland.

### A R C A D E S A M B O.

By HENRY MARTLEY.



Y elder sister Monica possesses a mission in life. What its exact nature may be I do not know, nor, I think, does she; but it has always been an axiom in the family that the mission exists. At present it has taken no more extended form than desultory visiting in the village and teaching in the Sunday school. At times she has hankered either for work among the heathen or for hospital nursing; but the visions are both so attractive that she has been unable to decide between them, apart from such minor difficulties as an inevitable parental veto and the practical discomforts of either pursuit. The result is that her village ministrations are inadequate, and she is compelled to fill up her time with domestic well-doing. Personally I did not suffer much from her improving influence. While I was still in the schoolroom, I fancy that I did regard her with awe, and mother on grave occasions used to send her to talk seriously to me, much as I had been dosed for physical ailments in earlier days. For quite ten minutes afterwards I would be seized with exalted ambitions to be worthy of the place in life which Monica explained a woman ought to fill.

Lately, however, I had been emancipated, and Monica in despair had ceased even to upbraid me with that unutterably wistful gaze of hers. Good advice had become a thing of the past some time before the gaze. I am sure I was to blame for neglecting such excellent opportunities, but a face

like a Madonna's and an aureole of golden hair are thrown away on a younger sister. Besides, she had found plenty of raw material without requisitioning me. I had almost lost count of the number of young men whose nobler feelings she had roused. Why she chose them almost exclusively as her proselytes was a question which uncharitable people might debate. Of course young men may need improvement more than women or elderly men; but at the same time I think they should have been made to understand the nature of the proceedings more clearly than they did. In the course of becoming high-souled they had a habit of proposing to Monica, and she was compelled to dismiss them with an air of benediction. For a day or two she would go about with the martyred air of the misunderstood. They departed with an awe-stricken expression, as though they had laughed in church.

Most of the young men were comparatively strangers, including a large percentage of curates. I do not say this by way of innuendo, but simply to explain why I was annoyed when Monica applied herself to the task of improving George Ingram. We had known Mr Ingram as a boy; and, though we had not seen much of him for some years, he was still, when after his father's death he settled down near us, a nice boy who needed no improvement. Monica, however, took him in hand. What was the precise form of spiritual malady which she discovered in him I

did not know, but the regeneration went its usual course. For a month or so he was much interested in the discussion of the higher idealities in their application to himself. Then the violet eyes and wavy hair took effect, and he began to display the accustomed symptoms of misunderstanding Monica. The time seemed ripe for the parting benediction. What puzzled me was that it was so long in coming. Perhaps he was an unusually interesting patient; but—I admit it ought not to have occurred to me—the other young men had not been exactly eligible, and Mr Ingram was a young man whom more worldly people than Monica might have regarded as materially acceptable.

Matters were in this condition when George passed the lawn one afternoon after a protracted interview with Monica. He was looking unutterably dejected when he appeared, and it was not until he had nearly reached the gate that he sighted me. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned back.

'Miss Kitty,' he began dismally, 'do you mind my talking to you?'

'I have no very violent objection,' I said.

'Well,' he went on, 'you understand what it's about, of course?'

'You look,' I said, 'as if it was cholera—very bad cholera. Is it?'

'Please don't laugh at me. It's—well, you must have noticed—it's Monica—Miss Ellis, I mean,' he explained with a gulp.

'You're—er—?' I said.

'Yes,' he answered; 'and of course it's quite hopeless, quite useless. It is quite hopeless, isn't it, Miss Kitty?'

'I haven't any idea,' I replied. 'Was that what you came to ask me about?'

'I thought you might know,' he said. 'You can't tell me at all?'

'Not in the least.'

'She's—she's an angel,' he remarked.

'Several people have said that,' I agreed.

'Of course they have,' he said enthusiastically, 'and I'm—what do you think of me candidly, Miss Kitty?'

'Well, candidly,' I replied, 'I think you're a fool.'

'A fool? Why do you say that?' he asked, with some indignation. It is annoying to be called a fool when you want to be considered an irredeemable castaway.

'Mooncalf perhaps expresses it better,' I said.

'Mooncalf?' he exclaimed.

'Yes,' I observed; 'a young creature who moons about.'

'I thought perhaps you'd be nice about it,' he murmured, preparing to go.

'So I am,' I said. 'I'm telling you some useful home-truths. Doesn't even Monica do that too?'

'Yes,' he admitted; 'but then, you see, she

sympathises with one. She's wonderfully sympathetic.'

'She is,' I agreed again; 'she's susceptible to almost any emotion.'

'What do you mean?' he inquired.

'Will you listen to my advice—as it's meant?' I asked.

'Yes,' he said doubtfully.

'Well,' I went on, 'do you know the strongest emotion in an angel—like Monica?'

'Religion?' he suggested reverentially.

'No—jealousy,' I said.

'Jealousy?' he answered in a puzzled way. 'Do you really mean if I—er—er—?'

'Exactly,' I said. 'There have been several moon-calfs before you, and mooning doesn't pay.'

'Several others?' he exclaimed with some warmth.

'A whole drove of them,' I said, 'and they've come and gone.'

'Several, have there? But it sounds so preposterous. Do you really think that she'd mind if I and some other girl—? She wouldn't mind, I expect, would she? I don't see how she could. If she didn't care at all for me it wouldn't matter to her.'

'No,' I said; 'but it might make her care for you. I also am a woman—though a little lower than the angels. It's good advice, but you can take it or leave it.'

'If it really was any good,' he faltered; 'but I couldn't—after all she's done for me. It would be dishonourable.'

'Very well,' I said.

'But, Miss Kitty,' he began again, 'do you really think it might make some difference?'

'Oh, young man, young man,' I exclaimed with impatience, 'does a girl care most for a man when he's making little of himself to her, or when another girl's making much of him?'

'Thank you very much,' he said, 'but I couldn't. Thank you all the same. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' I answered.

'And where's the other girl?' he went on, still waiting irresolutely.

'Oh, you must find her yourself,' I said.

'There are so few girls about here,' he suggested.

'There are several nice girls.'

'But the other girl—what would she think?' he asked.

'Of course she'd have to know,' I explained.

'But I couldn't possibly tell another girl,' he said, aghast.

'All right,' I replied. 'It was merely a suggestion thrown out, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.'

He took his leave once more, and was almost out of sight when he stopped, and then walked slowly back again.

'Miss Kitty,' he faltered, 'I'm afraid I may make you angry—'

'You certainly will if you go on digging up the tennis ground with your stick,' I said.

'I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking,' he went on. 'It seems such a strange request; but would a sister do for the other girl?'

'If you can't find any one better, perhaps she might,' I replied.

'You see,' he explained, 'it would be so convenient. You know all about it, and understand everything, and all that.'

'Yes, I should be very convenient,' I agreed.

'I should be awfully obliged to you,' he explained; 'and would you—mind very much?'

'It's not a very pleasant position,' I suggested. 'However, under the circumstances, perhaps I might do it.'

'Of course,' he agreed, 'it will be very painful for both of us; but you really do think it's a good plan, do you?'

'Oh, do it or don't,' I snapped in disgust.

'I think I will try it,' he said slowly. 'When shall we begin?'

'Really,' I protested, 'you are the most irritating man I ever had the misfortune to come across. Have you never—let us say—talked pleasantly to a girl before?'

'Oh, of course,' he said sadly; 'but it came naturally then. That was before I knew Monica so well. You won't mind my calling her Monica, will you?'

'Not in the least,' I said. 'Have you decided when and how you intend to start?'

'What would you suggest?' he inquired funerally.

'Mr Ingram,' I said indignantly, getting up from my chair, 'look at me carefully. You see me. Very well. Now let me tell you that there are several other people who would be only too glad to be in your position; and if you go on vapouring much longer I shall say good-bye, and leave you to the misery of your own company.'

'It's very difficult,' he murmured.

'Rubbish,' I said shortly, moving away. 'Good-bye. Find some other girl.'

'I'm so sorry, Miss Kitty,' he pleaded, coming after me. 'May I take you out in the punt?'

'You might have ten minutes ago,' I said, 'but you can't now. The river and a glorious evening—and me—and you tell me it's difficult. Go and write a sonnet.'

'Do be merciful, Miss Kitty,' he urged, with quite a respectable show of feeling. 'I'm not generally such a bear. Please come.'

After some demur I went. For some time he persisted in babbling of Monica, and I listened, wishing to find out what crime he had committed to merit regeneration. Apparently it consisted in nothing more heinous than neglected opportunities and a wasted life. 'Life is real, life is earnest,' had been the text of the sermon, and poor Mr Ingram's ideas of existence had been knocked to

pieces. To a healthy-minded man, who had been a 'Blue' not so long before, it came as a shock to be informed by his adored oracle that his life had been wasted, and his intention of living at present as a peaceful country gentleman had been denounced as iniquitous idleness. Even his ambition to cultivate politics was worse than useless in Monica's eyes, for Mr Ingram was an average Conservative, and she affected a nebulous but perfervid Radicalism. A touching unpractical sympathy with humanity in general, and at a distance, goes well with violet eyes and a soft, tremulous mouth. Apparently, also, their discussions had been complicated by religious questions; but the chief count in the indictment was, as I have said, Mr Ingram's utter uselessness.

When I had heard enough I cut his babblings short, and we talked of other things. After his sojourn in Monica's rarefied atmosphere, he displayed an appetite for those other things. At times he relapsed into melancholy; but after a victorious exchange of repartee with a man in a steam-launch, he became quite cheerful. It was not until we neared home again that the moon-calf expression reappeared. Then it loomed out large as Monica passed into the house in the distance.

'I feel an awful beast,' he said.

'Oh, never mind,' I answered. 'It's all for the best, and you haven't been very much bored, have you?'

'Of course I haven't,' he said; 'but it does seem a little mean, doesn't it?'

'If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing well,' I explained. 'Good-bye, Mr Ingram.'

'Good-bye, Miss Kitty,' he said. 'Would tomorrow be too soon for further operations?'

'Oh no,' I replied. 'We must keep it up.'

Next morning he appeared again on some excuse or other, and we wandered out on the river. He inquired eagerly whether the plan was succeeding at all, and I could truthfully assure him it was. Monica had confronted me with a subacid saintliness, as I explained to Mr Ingram in more graceful terms. Mr Ingram positively chuckled. A lucid interval of irrational society had done him good, and he already entertained a better opinion of himself. Then he asked me how long I thought the treatment ought to last, and I recommended a week at least. He said I was a jolly good little sort, and we relapsed into other things and spent the morning in a backwater.

During the next few days we repeated the process with slight variations. We went for one or two bicycle rides, and played cricket in the orchard with my young brother Toby. Monica does not bicycle, and refused frigidly to play cricket. I was a little afraid at first that Mr Ingram would make premature overtures for peace in spite of my strong advice, and the first day he showed symptoms of doing so. Monica's righteous severity repressed them, however, and after that

he entered fully into the spirit of the plan. Altogether I was pleased with him. His success in discovering excuses for visiting the house and his manœuvres for getting away with me were creditable. It was too shameful to reduce him to a mooncalf. He also appeared to enjoy himself. He was much more in his element while explaining to me the mysteries of a late cut and basking in the adulation of Toby than when grappling with the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Monica meanwhile grew more and more stony. Her lips assumed an expression of the sternest piety when she spoke to me, and she betook herself again to district visiting, which is usually a sign with her of despair with things in general. I wondered whether she would be foolish enough to remonstrate with me. Of course, if she had been wise she would have held her tongue; but it is difficult for a practised preacher to remain silent when irritated. Finally she was provoked to speech by a climax. The climax came after she had made some slight attempts at reclaiming Mr Ingram near the end of the week which we had arranged for the campaign. The attempts were a little too like a command, and the moment was unfortunate, for Mr Ingram had just defined a punt as the tribute which athleticism pays to philosophy, and was regarding himself with satisfaction. Monica said she failed to see anything funny in the remark, and the attempts failed.

'Kitty,' she remarked to me after breakfast next day, 'I wish to have a few minutes' serious conversation with you.'

'Isn't it a little too hot for that kind of thing?' I suggested.

'I fear,' she answered severely, 'that you regard serious conversation as out of place at any time, Kitty.'

'For once,' I said, 'I am inclined to agree with you.'

'I never attempt now,' she went on, 'to speak seriously to you unless I feel compelled to'—

'What a life of self-sacrifice!' I murmured.

'Kitty,' she replied majestically, 'you are merely prolonging a painful interview.'

'Well, if you put it in that way'—I observed. 'What's the matter now?'

'I have noticed,' she remarked slowly, 'that Mr Ingram has been here constantly during the last few days.'

'I have noticed the same thing,' I agreed, 'for the last month or more.'

'It is some considerable time,' she continued unabashed. 'Several times I have suspected that he came here on some unreal pretence.'

'I have suspected it myself,' I said; 'he's an awful liar.'

'Mr Ingram,' she replied acidly, 'has the makings of a very fine character in him if he is not spoilt. It was with reference to that that I wished to speak to you.'

'As far as I can discover from Mr Ingram,' I said, 'his chief fault is that he will not leave off-balls alone enough. Is that information any use to you?'

'Kitty,' Monica said, with a rising flush, 'you will compel me to speak plainly in a minute.'

'Hurrah!' I interjected rudely.

'Impertinence will not debar me from my duty,' she went on. 'You and he have been pursuing a course of conduct which I should characterise in any one but my sister as a flirtation.'

'What should you call it in a sister, then?' I inquired.

'I am content to call it thoughtless,' she said.

'That must be an effort,' I suggested. 'I thought you would have called it a disgraceful flirtation.'

'I have even—I am sorry to say,' she added—'suspected clandestine meetings.'

'Clandestine? That's a difficult question,' I answered, which was true, for I had taken care that the concealment should not extend to Monica. 'If you tell a person you're going bicycling somewhere and he suddenly turns up there, is it clandestine?'

'I never would have believed you would have gone so far,' she said, with another flush.

'It was only about twenty miles,' I urged.

'Of course this cannot continue,' she said; 'people are beginning to talk already.'

'Oh Monica, Monica!' I murmured, 'gossip is a thing to be avoided.'

'I must protect my sister even from herself at all costs,' she said firmly.

'As you observe, it's much safer to sit in a summer-house,' I replied. 'The summer-house is Monica's favourite haunt.'

'Very well,' she concluded, 'you leave only one course open to me. I must speak to mother about this. The matter must be placed on a proper footing.'

'Monica, if I promise'—I pleaded with apparent contrition.

'Well, Kitty?'

'Not to see him more than four times a week, would that do?'

'I hoped,' she remarked sadly, 'that you would have seen your conduct in its proper light.'

'You mean its improper light, Monica?'

'I shall speak to mother this morning,' she repeated.

She had not departed for more than ten minutes when Mr Ingram arrived, to ask Toby to play in a cricket match. At least he was ready to tell any one else so. However, we agreed that the invitation could wait, and adjourned to the punt.

'The week will be up to-morrow,' I observed after a time.

'It's only Thursday to-day,' he replied absently. He had been a little preoccupied since we started.

'I mean *the week*,' I said. 'I really think it

has been a success. I had a conversation with Monica this morning.'

'Oh yes,' he answered. 'What did she say?'

'The last thing she said,' I observed, 'was that she was going to tell mother.'

'Tell your mother?'

'Yes, about us,' I explained. 'It's rather fortunate the week's up, isn't it?'

'About us!' he exclaimed. 'Why, I used to do very much the same when—how beastly mean!'

'Don't you see the difference?' I inquired.

'No,' he said decidedly, 'I don't.'

'Is your mother sure to drop on it?' he began again after a long pause.

'She generally adopts Monica's suggestions—in matters of this kind,' I said; 'and really, Mr Ingram, a week's quite long enough.'

'You wouldn't think of going on with it a little longer?' he asked.

'It's quite unnecessary,' I said; 'the week has served its purpose.'

'It hasn't been bad fun, has it?' he answered slowly. 'We've had rather a good time, haven't we?'

'On the whole,' I agreed, 'I think we have.'

'I suppose I shan't see much of you after to-day?' he inquired.

'I dare say I shall be about sometimes,' I said cheerfully; 'but you're really getting the moon-calf expression on you again, and it isn't becoming. Remember, when you've made your peace with Monica, you mustn't take that tone any more, or this week will have been thrown away.'

'I haven't the least intention of taking that tone any more,' he said, and there was another long pause.

'Miss Kitty,' he observed irrelevantly, 'was Miss Ellis like you when she was your age? I can't remember.'

'Monica was always an angel, Mr Ingram,' I said.

'And you were always yourself,' he answered sadly.

'That is scarcely a compliment,' I suggested.

'Oh yes, it is,' he said, 'from my point of view.'

'It's a jolly day,' he began again after another interval of silence. 'It makes you feel—rather healthy.'

'You generally look pretty robust,' I said.

'I didn't mean exactly that,' he went on. 'I meant that it makes you feel it's rather a good thing to be alive in an every-day way.'

'You could scarcely be alive once a week,' I interjected.

'No, Miss Kitty,' he said a little testily, 'but don't you sometimes feel as if ordinary things and ordinary people were best?'

'As an ordinary person, I appreciate the compliment, Mr Ingram,' I answered.

'I didn't mean that; you know I didn't,' he

said; 'but there's a lot of humbug about, and on a day like this you see rather straight—it's like reading one of those philosophy books that prove you don't really exist, and then—'

'Having a good dinner afterwards,' I suggested.

'Well, that does rather express it,' he said.

'The philosophy of here-we-are-again,' I observed.

'Yes, but we shan't be here again,' he said; 'that's just it. After all, it's as useless as any other philosophy.'

'Aren't you getting a little complicated, Mr Ingram?' I asked.

'I've been getting complicated,' he said sadly, 'for the last week. If there ever was an ass, it's I.'

'Cheer up, Mr Ingram,' I replied; 'Monica will put your mind to rights.'

'Bother Monica,' he said sharply.

'What?' I exclaimed, with an expression of astonishment.

'The fact of the matter is, Miss Kitty,' he said, 'I don't want any more of that. It was all utter rot, and I hope you won't mention it again.'

'And so we've wasted the whole week,' I replied, 'and—'

'We haven't wasted it,' he protested; 'but it's no good now.'

'To put it mildly, aren't you just a little unstable?' I said severely.

'Of course it might seem like that to most people,' he said.

'It might,' I agreed. 'And poor Monica!'

'I'm not such a puppy as to think she'll mind,' he replied. 'Humility is occasionally a convenient virtue. Do you think me an utterly shallow fool?' he inquired.

'I would scarcely go so far as that,' I said.

'I'm not so shallow as I seem; I'm not, really,' he said earnestly. 'It's no good of course, but I'd like to tell you. I don't want you to think me quite worthless.'

'Well?' I said.

'It sounds so bald,' he murmured, 'and yet I can see it quite plainly myself.'

'Would you mind driving this swan away, Mr Ingram?' I interrupted. The bird was under the impression that we were lunching, and had approached me with that suave, blackmailing expression peculiar to Thames swans and bank loafers.

'Certainly, certainly,' he said, and, having done so, again relapsed into silence. I could see that he was thinking hard, and he absently lit his lighted pipe four times.

'Miss Kitty,' he said at last, 'I can't explain it any other way. Would you mind my telling you a story—a kind of parable, you know?'

'I should like it,' I said.

'Once,' he began, 'there was a young goose—'

'That,' I interjected, 'is not uncommon—'

'Please, don't interrupt,' he said. 'At least he was a young gander. And he got rather good at swimming and flying and diving, and all that kind of thing.'

'Ganders, even in parables, don't dive,' I suggested.

'What does it matter?' he went on. 'After he'd been swimming and flying for a long time, he got rather tired of it, and one day he swam up a backwater. It was a nice, shady backwater, and he found a swan there. She was a very stately swan, and she looked rather cool and restful. She didn't swim or fly around much, but she knew everything about the bottom of the river, and the clouds, and currents, and all that. The young gander talked to her for a long time, and came back pretty often; and because he'd swum and flown such a lot he thought he was tired of being a gander and wanted to be a swan. He was rather an ass of a gander.'

'What a weird animal!' I remarked as he paused.

'Then one day,' he pursued—'one day when it was sunshiny outside the backwater, he saw another bird swimming about outside in the sun.'

'What kind of bird was it?' I asked.

'It was a pretty, lively little bird,' he said.

'Call it a duck,' I said gravely.

'It was, I think, a bird of Paradise,' he said, with a noble disregard of natural history, 'and he couldn't help going out and swimming about in the sun too. In a day or two he found out that swimming and flying were what he could do best, and that it was what a gander is intended

to do. And he didn't care a snap about clouds and currents, and he didn't want to be a swan any more. And he found the other little bird was the jolliest and prettiest little bird he'd ever met, and he was happier than he'd ever been before. But one day the other little bird told him that she was going away, and wouldn't fly about in the sun any more. And then he knew—well, hang it! he knew that he'd give the whole river if he could always swim about with the little bird. He couldn't help telling her so.'

'Well, how did it end?' I asked.

'Of course,' he said sadly, 'she didn't want to swim about with him. I don't suppose she would in any case, and then she knew about the backwater and what an ass the gander had been, and didn't believe he could really care about anybody. Oh Kitty, Kitty, don't you understand now?'

'There's a small mistake in the story,' I said.

'What is it?' he said despairingly.

'Only,' I said, 'that the other little bird was a little goose.'

'A little goose?' he exclaimed.

'And the story needn't end in that way,' I added, 'unless you wish it.'

'Then, Kitty—?' he cried in astonishment.

I think I nodded. The rest of the conversation was commonplace.

Monica congratulated me with a chastened sorrow which her fears for poor George's future aroused. She has also hinted several times that I intended the culmination from the first. Did I? I wonder.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### A NEW TERRESTRIAL ELEMENT.

HE spectroscope, that wonderful analyser of distant orbs, has long ago shown that a number of the substances known to science as elementary bodies are present in the sun. Their presence is revealed by certain lines which, to the educated eye, are unmistakable. Amid these multitudes of lines was a certain green one derived from the sun's corona, which could not be identified with the lines peculiar to any substance known on this earth. It was therefore concluded that it represented an unknown element; and to this mysterious thing the name Coronium was given. In a note communicated to the French Academy, Professor Nasini, of Padua, makes the announcement that he, in conjunction with two other workers, has discovered terrestrial coronium. In the spectroscopic examination of the gases emanating from volcanic sources in different parts of Italy, with a view to detect the presence of argon and helium, they have found the green line peculiar

to coronium. From certain observations, these experimenters are able to predict that there are probably other hitherto unrecognised elements among the gases given out from the ground in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius.

### THE IRON-MINES OF GELLIVARE.

In *Chambers's Journal* for January 16, 1897, appeared an article entitled 'To Lulea in Norbotten,' by Mr J. Logie Robertson, Edinburgh, describing a visit to the iron-mines of Gellivare, which lie within the Arctic Circle, near Lulea, Sweden. A party of the Iron and Steel Institute left Stockholm in August, to visit the mines, make a tour in the district, and report on their commercial prospects. There are three main deposits available for export, the only one being worked at the present time being that of Gellivare, by the Gellivare Mining Company. The ores are of wonderful richness, exceeding sixty-five per cent. of iron, the deposits lying largely on the surface, and are of such thickness that they can be quarried at small cost—more cheaply, says a writer in the *Scotsman*, than any ore-deposits in the world, unless it be

those in the Lake Superior region. They are also declared to be practically inexhaustible, and may in time furnish a cheaper source of supply than those mines we have been so largely dependent on in Spain.

#### MALARIAL FEVER.

A very important address was recently given by Professor Koch before the German Colonial Society. The Professor has lately returned from German East Africa, and he dealt with the various observations which he had there made. He stated that he had found a study of Texas fever in cattle of great assistance in giving a key to the origin of tropical malaria. Cattle disease was transferred from one animal to another by the sole agency of that animal parasite, the tick. He had been able to infect sound cattle with ticks taken from diseased ones; moreover, he had been able to render cattle immune against Texas fever by inoculating them with the ova of ticks taken from diseased animals. Malarial fever was in many respects like Texas fever, and he had arrived at the conclusion that in the human subjects mosquitoes played the part which ticks played in cattle disease. Mosquitoes were present where malaria raged; and where there were no mosquitoes, as in a certain small island on the German East African coast, there was no malaria. By microscopical examination of the blood it was possible to ascertain the exact stage of the disease, a thing of great importance, for much depended upon the administration of quinine before the attack or in its early stage. He called attention to the circumstance that the natives were proof against infection, and where natural immunity existed there was reasonable hope of affording artificial protection. Trained doctors should be sent to East Africa; and if science can only successfully cope with malarial fever, the conquest will facilitate the prosperous development of some of the most fruitful districts in the world.

#### SPURIOUS WORKS OF ART.

A recent law case, which turned upon the genuineness of certain so-called Dresden china, has revived the subject of imitation antiques. It is asserted that factories exist in certain capitals of Europe for the production of all such things as collectors love to accumulate. Old china is imitated with the marks so cleverly reproduced that it taxes the knowledge of an expert to detect the fraud. Brand-new armour is treated with acid, so that its surface bears the corrosion which is attributed to centuries of exposure to the air. Carved ivories are soaked in oil, and exposed to heat until they discolour and crack as from the assaults of time; and pieces of furniture of modern make are drilled with imitation worm-holes. Ancient coins are imitated in such perfect manner that it is most difficult to see that they are creations of yesterday. An old clock of

the 'grandfather' pattern is a valuable possession to one of these fraudulent manufacturers, for he will very soon turn it into three or four distinct timepieces. The dial will go to one, the works into another, and the case will form the attractive feature of a third. The top of a table may be the only part of it which is old, the legs having gone to confer age upon another piece of furniture. Such are some of the tricks of trade for which the collector of curiosities must be prepared.

#### DESTRUCTIVE MISSILES.

A notable feature of modern warfare is the employment of what are known as high explosives. In the American campaign in Cuba the dynamite-gun has been used with awful effect, the Spaniards saying that earthquakes were being thrown at them. This gun is not fired with a charge of gunpowder, the shock of which would be likely to explode the dynamite-shell, but by compressed air, which urges the shot forward in a more gradual manner. The dynamite-gun is, in fact, a pea-shooter on a very large scale. Experiments have been lately made by our own military authorities with the explosive known as lyddite, which is said to be a preparation of picrate of potash. Six-inch shells containing this explosive were directed against a stone wall ten feet thick at the base, and tapering to six feet at the top. At a range of five hundred yards this wall was shattered so that troops could easily enter at the breaches made. It is also reported that these missiles exploded with such terrific force, and cast such clouds of débris around them, that any enemy within a radius of two hundred and fifty yards must infallibly be killed or disabled.

#### TO CLEAN THE OUTSIDE OF WINDOWS FROM THE INSIDE.

The Aberdeen Parish Council lately adopted an improvement in their new offices, in so far as they have carried out the principle of making their windows open towards the inside when they require to be cleaned. This is a decided improvement, and there is no use in recalling here the danger and the very numerous fatal accidents that have taken place through cleaning windows from the outside. These accidents happen to professed window-cleaners as well as to housewives and domestic servants. The invention has been patented by a working joiner named Charles Reid, of 48 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen; and Messrs M'Robbie & Milne, of Albert Place, Aberdeen, are his agents. The mechanism is simple and inexpensive, and can be adapted to existing windows. By its means the inner end of the sashes can be rested on any suitable support, such as a table or a chair, the cleaner standing on the floor of the room. Both sashes can be drawn up and down like an ordinary window. The sash-sills are of full strength, the fitting inexpensive, and the

invention on the whole deserves the attention of architects and those engaged in the building trades.

#### REMEDIES FOR BEE-STINGS.

A paragraph on this subject which recently appeared in these columns has brought us many letters from bee-keepers, from which we gather that the stings of bees are often more serious than most persons imagine. Probably, as in the case of other poisonous attacks by insects, they affect certain persons more than others; but it would seem that the stings are sometimes followed by severe pain, and in extreme cases by collapse. One lady, who has had much experience with bees, asserts that the ammonia remedy, although valuable, is often rendered still more effective if brandy diluted with half its bulk of water be taken internally. Another pins her faith on immediately rubbing the wounds with honey—which, she tells us, gives almost instant relief.

#### DESTRUCTION OF WEEDS.

At a recent meeting of the French Society of Agriculture, M. Girard, a well-known agricultural chemist, described a method of freeing fields from the common charlock, a weed which, when it once gains a footing, is most difficult to eradicate. This method consists in watering the field with a five per cent. solution of blue-stone (sulphate of copper), which kills the weed without having any deleterious effect upon the grain crop. The explanation is, that the salt is readily absorbed by the permeable tissues of the charlock, while the hard cuticle of the wheat or oats rejects its intrusion. In the discussion which followed the reading of this note, M. Bernard said that the cheaper sulphate of iron, mixed in the proportion of two and a half pounds to one gallon of water, was still more effective as a weed-eradicator.

#### ARTIFICIAL EYES.

The *Lancet* publishes some curious facts with regard to the number of false eyes which are turned out annually by different factories in Germany and France. The total of these ornamental appendages made in the German Empire is said to amount to the enormous total of two millions yearly; and, at the same time, one French factory, out of many, makes three hundred thousand in the same period. But we must not jump to the conclusion that these figures indicate in any way the number of human beings who have been deprived of the sight of one eye, for the artificial eyes include those used by wax-figure makers, by taxidermists, and even by the doll manufacturers. It is noteworthy that the totally blind never wear false eyes. The person who has been deprived of the sight of one eye sees his disfigurement whenever he looks into a glass, and his aesthetic sense—or perhaps his vanity—leads him to make good the deficiency in the best

way he can. In the case of the wholly blind such feelings die out, or are submerged in the immensity of their loss.

#### THE PRESERVATION OF MEAT.

A Danish zoologist, August Fjelstrup, is said to have discovered a new and efficient way of preserving meat, which has been adopted with success in the Danish slaughterhouses during the past year. The method is founded on the theory that decomposition of the blood is almost entirely responsible for the rapid putrefaction of the animal body. Means are therefore taken to remove the blood from the carcass immediately after death, and to inject the vessels with a solution of brine, the entire process occupying only a few minutes. It is not stated to what extent this treatment alters the character of the meat from a gastronomic point of view, but we assume that it would, in the case of imported meats, be far preferable to some of the methods of meat preservation now in vogue. Foreign hams, and more especially hares, are preserved with some resinous compound, which not only takes away the original flavour of the meat, but makes it absolutely nauseous.

#### TREASURE-SEEKERS.

Buried or sunken treasure has always had a great fascination about it, as story-book writers and readers well know; and when we hear of actual efforts being made to find and recover such riches from the depth of the sea, we are sure to take much interest in the proceedings, although we have no chance of sharing in the proceeds. Such a search is now in progress in Dunworley Bay on the coast of Cork, divers being busy in examining a wreck which has lain there for many years. Some say that it is one of the ill-fated Armada galleons; others, with apparently better authority, that it is a pirate schooner which foundered during the reign of William and Mary. And this latter story is to some extent corroborated by the coins of that reign which have already been recovered from the wrecked ship. It is not the first time that attempts have been made to recover treasure from this spot, for half a century ago a diver was busy here, and succeeded in recovering various articles. But the diver's gear had not then been brought to the perfection which it has now reached; nor was dynamite, that potent aid to separating a wrecked ship's timbers, discovered. With the help of modern apparatus and appliances, it is hoped that the old wreck on the Irish coast will now yield a more valuable harvest.

#### BLOODHOUNDS ON THE TRACK.

The Association of Bloodhound Breeders has made arrangements, which will possibly be carried out before these words appear in print, to carry out a series of trials across a tract of country in

the Yorkshire wolds, with a view to test the powers of the bloodhound in man-hunting. There will be prizes awarded to the owners of the dogs which acquit themselves best in this novel competition. It may be remembered that some years ago, when the East End of London became notorious through a series of brutal murders, it was proposed to put dogs on the scent of the murderer; but difficulties occurred, and the scheme was abandoned. It is somewhat repugnant to the feelings that a man should be hunted down by dogs; but as long as we have in our midst those whom it would be sheer flattery to call brutes, it is well to be prepared with every appliance for their capture that ingenuity can devise. So we may fairly hope that the experiments on the Yorkshire wolds will be successful.

#### GAS ENRICHMENT.

Much discussion has taken place during the past year with regard to the question of enriching coal-gas in a manner which may possibly render it more poisonous than it now is. The method now adopted is to add to the gas a certain amount of water-gas, made luminous by means of petroleum; and an article on the subject appeared on November 20, 1897, in our columns. The Public Control Committee of the London County Council have been considering this important matter, and they now report that, in their opinion, considerable danger is attached to the method adopted; that water-gas by itself, being devoid of smell, and therefore giving no warning of its dangerous presence, should not be allowed to be used under any conditions whatever; and that if the enriched water-gas be allowed to be introduced into coal-gas, twenty-five per cent. should be the maximum amount. They also recommend that in all cases where the addition is made, a proper inspection of the service-pipes of buildings should be made by efficient officers, to see that there is no leakage—such inspection to be at the expense of the gas company.

#### 'THE LADS IN RED.'

It has long been a moot point whether the scarlet uniform worn in the British army is the best colour that can be adopted. It is certainly a warm colour for cold climates, but a hot one for the tropics; and for an empire upon which the sun never sets, this question of heat-conduction must be considered. But more attention is generally paid to the matter of conspicuousness in the field, and some recent experiments in Germany are for this reason interesting to us. A squad of ten men, each couple of which were dressed in a differently coloured tunic, was ordered to march across an open country, their movements being closely followed by a company of quick-sighted observers. The first couple to disappear were the men in light-gray; then the two in scarlet went out

of sight; then a couple in dark-gray; and finally the men dressed in blue and green. In experiments at our own rifle-butts, it has been found that for some reason or other scarlet is protection to the soldier in that it is the most difficult colour to hit. After all, such experiments are not of the value which they would have been before the days of machine and dynamite guns. A hail of lead, such as is now possible by the aid of modern appliances, does not discriminate between men whatever be the colour of their uniforms, but will be as impartial in spotting them as is a shower of rain.

#### ERE THE DAY.

We wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day;  
And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play.

Oh! our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow  
dropt the curtain.

Ay, we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day.

There were buds within our garden, but they never came to flower;

There were birds among our bushes, but they only sang an hour.

And we laughed to see the swallow, but the summer did not follow;

There were buds within our garden, but they never came to flower.

'Tis a garment white and silken, 'tis a white and misty veil,

'Tis a pair of little slippers—O dear love!—so white and frail.

Is the manhood in me dying that I'm sitting here and crying

O'er a garment and a slipper and a never-opened veil?

Dear, the world is empty—empty as the gemless golden band,

The token I had fingered and that never found your hand.

They've been telling me the story of an everlasting glory;

But you were the only preacher I could ever understand.

Ah, we wakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day;

And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play.

But our love was sweet and certain till gray Sorrow  
dropt the curtain.

Hark! a single bell is calling . . . and this should have been the day.

J. J. BELL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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